10.

NEWS FROM Whetstones Parke,

OR, A

RELATION

Of The Late

BLOODY BATTLE THERE,

BETWEEN THE

Bawds and Whores,

AND

How both Parties after a sharp Dispute, and much loss on either Side, were at last Reconciled by the Mediation of the

Pimps and Hectors,

WITH

The Articles of Peace Concluded upon between them.

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THE Bloody Battle IN *WHETSTONES PARKE, &c.*

LEt us no longer Amuse our selves with discourses of the success of Forreign Battels, wherein both Sides are Victorious; no more let the little Politicians of the Coffee-house perplex their Noddles to Reconcile Monsieurs Gazett, with Myne-Heers Currant: The News we are now to Relate is much more proper for their Debates, and many of them perhaps far more Concern'd in't.

Whetstones Park was the Pharsalia where a most Bloody Battle was Fought but the other day, well deserving to be Celebrated in Deat less Rhymes of Ballad Laureat, of which, for the satisfaction of the Curious, take the following Exact and Punctual Narrative.

Though the Bawds and VVhores are a sort of Cattle that can agree well enough against the common Enemy, That is, To Rook and Cheat those that are such Rogues

and Fools as to go amongst them; yet it is well known to all verst in those Mysteries, that there have been continual Fewds, and sometimes Civil Wars, between themselves, about sharing the wages of Iniquity.

'Tis an old Quarrel was the occasion of the present Uproar, which began thus.

Doll Tireman one of the Does in the Park, having met with three or four easy Cullies with Pockets well Lined, had made them Bleed freely, and Bubbled them of about half a score Guinny-spankers, which Mrs. *Jilt* the Reverend Matron, in whose house she Plyed, would needs have Sequestred to her own use, pretending a Debt for Cloaths, besides mony that she stood engaged for to the Doctor and Apothecary for the last new Rigging; But *Doll.* was Resolute not to part with a souce of her Cole, whereupon began a very grave and civil Dialogue between them;

Bawd. You Pocky confounded Whore, do you think I will harbour such a Damn'd Jade that shall abuse my Customers, and bring a Scandal on my House, and go away with all my Profit.

Whore. You Harbour me, you old rotten Cannon-Basket, 'Tis well known I was Courted to come and Lodge in the civilest Houses in the Park, Persons that have other Guests than yours, Gentlemen all in Pantaloons, and Lacquies attending them, I abuse your Customers you Tun-bellied Jade, I know none you have, but Foot-Boys, Journymen Taylors, some Shabby Clarks in a long Vacation, and now and then a City Prentice, all those that are worth a Womans while to keep Company with; I am forced to get in by my own Industry, and if they give me a piece or two for

a Civility, do you think you shall have it you old Shrivel'd Hagg?

Bawd. Out you Impudent sawcy Whore, to abuse me thus that might be your Mother, and I am sure have done more for you; 'Tis well known I have paid Scot and Lot in the Parish this Thirty years, who is it that must Bribe the Beadle for you, mollify the Constable, and make a Friend every foot to the Justices Clark when you are in Trouble; Is it not I you ungrateful Jade? Is it not I that am forced to harbour you, and pay for your Cure when you have got the Pox; To take up Cloaths for you in *Long-lane*, and discharge the Tally-man, to stand your Friend at the Sessions, and get you Bail'd out of the Naskin.

Whore. Marry fough, old Gipsy, and is not all this for your own Ends, who brings you Cullies to Spend halfe a Peice in halfe an Howers time, and have nothing for it worth Six-pence, who helps you off with your small Ale in Penny Cans a dozen at a drought, your stinking Tobacco a Penny a pipe, you pint bottles of Decayed wine at half a Crowne a peice, Who is it that Misreckons for you Eighteen pence in Two Shillings, and out faces the Fopps with a thousand Oaths that tis true, And is not all this enough for you, with a Poxe to you but you must be Rakeing away the mony which I have Earned with the Sweat of my Brows, you old Hatchet-Fac'd, Hopper-Arse Bawd.

Whilst they were thus seriously arguing the Case, Severrall other neighbouring Bawds came about them, To whom Mother *Jilt* made her complaint, how this bold Buttocke had abused her, and would not deposite Snacks

of the

Quiffing Cole; Whereupon they adviſed to Uncaſe her, and ſo all fell upon her to ſtripp her of her gawdy Duds, Which made poor *Doll* roar out like an *Iriſh woman*, when ſhe ſets up the Hubbub, and Immediately all the Does flockt thither as faſt as Cats to a Puſs roaſting, To theſe *Doll* Cries out for help, and acquaints them with the unreaſonableneſſe of the old Bawds Demands, and that they ſhould now or never ſtand up for their Liberties, or elſe expect to find the Bawds abſolute Tirants for ever after,

Hereupon after Some ſharp Expoſtulations on either ſide, they came to Blows, and never was a more terrible Conflict beheld, The firſt onſet was given by Gammar *Jilt*, that flung a Bottle of Steppony, and beat out one of *Doll* Tiremons Eys, who in revenge pluckt off the old womans Noſe, and flung it juſt in another Bawds Chops, who Spitt it out again in the Face of a young Whore that ſhe was Engaged with, Hoods, Scarfs, Pinners, Laces went miſerably to Racke, Biteing, Kicking, Scratching, and Confuſion fill'd the place, never was there a Sadder Sight, here lay a Noſe, there an Eye, a little further a Sett of Teeth, here a peice of a Necklace, there a parcel of Black Patches, and by and by the Ruines of a glorious Tower trod under Foot; The Bawds were never ſo Bang'd, nor the Morts ſo Mortified, but who had the better of it is hard to ſay, For Fortune had not yet declared in favour of either party, when the Pimpes, Hectors, Bullies, Bully-Rocks, Bully-Ruffians, Bully-Sandies, and the reſt of the Black-Guard, taking the Alarm, came in Multitudes to part the Fray, where one of them made this Excellent Oration.

What

VVhat ails yee in the Devils Name you Cockatrices, what! Civil Wars between your selves you Silly Bitches, Is Satans Kingdom divided? Agree together you Cursed Baggages, or we will Rib-roast you every one like a Stock-Fish.

VVho you, you Paltry Ragamuffin cries a Rampant young VVhore, bring back my Smock I pray which I lent you to wear whilst your own lowsie Shirt went to washing, which was seconded by a Bawd on the other hand, crying out, Are you come I Faith you pittiful Son of a Rogue, remember Sirrah you use to Fright away people from my House with your Huffing and Swearing, Two Quakers that were constant Customers, and paid as well for the Commodities they had, as any men in the world, your Damming and Sinking made them leave coming for above a Month together, but I'le be Revenged on you, saying which, she broke his Head with a Fire-Forke, so that the Hectors perceiving themselves like to be engaged, began to use Intreaties, whereby at last they procured a Cessation of Armes, and after some time a perfect Peace, the chief Articles whereof were these.

Imprimis, That the VVhores for the Future should pay the Bawds the Respects due to their Profession and Quality.

Item, That the Bawds should have the intire Profit of all Drink, Tobacco, and Mistreckonings.

Item,

Item, That the VVhores out of all mony received of Cullies for their own pains, should pay the Bawds one Fourth part as Excise, and one half of all such mony as they can dexterously Nim out of any drunken Cullies Pocket, which said Fees are to go in full satisfaction of all Diet, Lodging, and Conveniencies.

Item, That if any bare Buttock come into a Vaulting School, and the Matron of the place New Case her, she shall justly repay her for the same out of her own share of Quissing mony as the same comes in.

Item, That when any Mott Shifts Quarters, she shall March away with Bagg and Baggage without any disturbance.

Lastly, That henceforwards both sides shall live in perfect Love and Amity; or if any differences arise, the same to be left to the determination of the Hectors, and in the mean time both parties industriously to follow their Respective Occupations.

FINIS.